

THE WEEKLY GATEWAY

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER SCHOOL

VOL. II

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1922

NO. 3

Y. M.-Y. W. Held Joint Reception Friday at Gym

Affair Assists Freshmen to Get Acquainted with New Schoolmates.

The annual "Y" reception held Friday evening in the Gym, brought new and old members of the faculty and student body together socially for the first time this year.

Kenneth Baker, Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A., was in charge of the student talent program made up of vocal, piano, and violin numbers. Several readings were also given.

Dean James extended a hearty welcome to the new members of the faculty and student body.

The president of the Y. W. C. A., Miss Helen Orlander, told of the purpose of the "Y" and its work in connection with the school.

Kenneth Baker spoke of the Y. M. C. A., its work for the boys, and the school as a whole.

The Gym was cleverly decorated, but the ice cream with its topping of a pink U. of O., took the cake.

Central High Athlete Joins University Grid Squad

Leo Konecky, Football Player and Essayist, Enters Law Department.

Coach Adams lost no time in fitting Leo with football trappings. With three years' baseball, and three of basketball experience, it can be expected that he will develop into a valuable man, especially so, when under the supervision of Adams, and the illustrious brother, Paul.

Line Still Weak.

Coach Adams reports that material for the line is still light. Men attending the U. of O., who have the necessary weight, should feel it their duty to enroll and help overcome this handicap.

The last week has been one of steady work. The men are getting into shape both mentally and physically. Every one has a business-like attitude while on the field.

City Officials Becoming Interested in Adams' Work.

Adams' greatest difficulty has been to secure a field for practice. Not only once, but twice and three has Ernie been "ousted" from his favorite camping ground at Komize Park.

With downcast countenance Ernie sought refuge at Miller Park, after having secured the necessary, valuable permit from Park Commissioner Hummel—only there to run against new difficulties in the form of a soccer game under the supervision of an Auburn-haltered referee. After displaying his treasured permit, Ernie proudly led his Maroon Warriors on the field of scrimmage. He has successfully maintained possession of the same since then.

AD SOLICITORS WANTED.

The Gateway wants a few live-wire students to get out after advertisements. Ten per cent commission will be paid on all contracts secured. See the advertising manager or the business manager at once if you want to earn a little money in your spare time.

Pretty Co-Ed Enters U. of O. Night Law Class

Miss Frances Wildes, Central High Graduate, Idol of Hour.

A pretty, bobbed-haired, vivacious young lady has invaded the extremely masculine territory of the Law Department of the U. of O. All the would-be lawyers' heads are turned. Miss Frances Wildes is the idol of the hour.

"I aim to take up law as a profession," she stated when interviewed. "I may work in a law office but I intend to get my degree anyway."

But a very few of the feminine sex have survived the strenuous work of the study of law so Miss Wildes is comparatively a pioneer in the field.

She is a popular graduate of the 1922 class at Central High. During the day she is attending Technical High where she is taking post-graduate work.

BOOSTER CLUB MEETS.

Nominating Committee Appointed to Prepare Ballot for Next Week's Election.

Last Wednesday the first meeting of the Booster Club, formerly the Y. M. C. A., was held. Election of officers was to be the program but on account of the small representation present the Vice-President, Mr. Baker, appointed a nominating committee to bring in a nomination for each office next week to be voted upon. The committee is: Dr. Vartanum, Chairman; E. J. Larson, Harry Williams, Kenneth Baker, and H. W. Fisher. The committee hopes to get the best man for each office so that the organization may take its rightful place in school life. All the men of the school are invited to join. Come out to the next meeting.

Former Business Manager of Weekly Gateway is Bride

Miss Bonnie Jones Weds Mr. Paul Wilcox Tuesday, Oct. 3.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Jones announced the marriage of their daughter Bonnie to Paul Wilcox on Tuesday, October third. The marriage was solemnized in the First Presbyterian church parlors by the Rev. Hart Jenks. The attendants were Florence Shaw and Milton Johnson.

Bonnie was a student at the university last year. She was prominent in the Journalism department, being a charter member of the Delta Sigma Phi. As president of the Pop Club and business manager of the Gateway she took an active part in school last year.

The lucky man, Paul, is affiliated with the Stock Yards National Bank. The couple have gone on a two weeks honeymoon to the northern lakes.

FILIPINO STUDENT AT U. OF O.

Yon A. Franco is a student who comes from the Philippine Islands. He is a self supporting student. During the three years that he has been in the U. S. he has attended Drake University and the University of Iowa. We are glad to have such an earnest young man among us.

Students Urged to be Present at Class Elections this Week

Everybody out for class elections! Show an interest in your class; cast your vote,—and may the best man win. More pep is being exhibited in class elections this year than ever before. Although only the usual number of candidates are running, the competition among the factions back of them started off with a bang and has been growing hotter ever since.

In past years there have been times when the opposing forces resorted to measures that were not exactly fair. Such measures are ruinous to the perpetuation of class spirit; and they lower the characters of those resorting to such tactics. A victory won unfairly is not a credit to either the victor nor the class to which he belongs, but is rather a thing to be shunned by all.

Steps are being taken to prevent the stuffing of ballots, the voting of those not entitled to the privilege, and other petty dishonesties that creep into class elections.

Let us make these precautions unnecessary, free our elections from insignificant prejudices, and vote for the man who, in our estimation, is the best man for the job.

Orators Wax Eloquent at Big Freshman Mass Meeting

Marion Pratt and Perry Borcharding Star in Speaking for Candidates.

Boy, page the god of oratory! But let him beware. Several of the persuasive-tongued freshmen are rushing his job. And on Dean James let him lay the blame.

"We will have no nominations today," quoth the dean at the freshmen chapel meeting, "but if anyone wishes to make a speech in favor of some candidate, let him do so now."

Opportunity was knocking. It was a chance to talk, and, as such, was responded to nobly by some of the young word-spouters of the class. Marion Pratt grew oratorical on the subject of Charles Poucher. Perry Borcharding lauded the name of Glen Hesler, a name he had first seen in the Chicago Tribune,—where he was in the habit of discovering his celebrities. Gerriet Janssen dilated on the brilliant career of Thelma Burke. (Speaking of brilliance, he ought to have mentioned the red sweater.) Wallace Nelson became enthusiastic on the subject of Alice Pfeiffer. Truly it was oratory worthy of the name. But hold!

"This is not a nomination," Dean James had said. "Between now and Tuesday, you can carry on the election legitimately."

Shades of Cleora! Was all this oratory for naught? Was this verbal triumph not "legitimate?"

Boy, page the god of oratory. And tell him he may have his job.

Virginia says that she can't bring the new Hick unless she does some work on it. We suggested changing the spark plugs or filling the grease cups once in a while, but that didn't seem to take well.

Shallcross appeared at our meeting a few days ago. All week he has been chasing teachers and classmates just like the rest of us did not we long ago.

Men's Glee Club Elects Officers For New Season

Organizations will Retain Dave Robel in Capacity of President.

The first meeting of the men's glee club was held last Tuesday noon with a good number of "Spirited Warblers" present. The following officers were elected for the coming year: David C. Robel, President; Grant Changstrom, Secretary; Leonard Stromberg, Treasurer, and Perry A. Borcharding, Business Manager.

The prospects for the glee club are very bright this year. The work for the year has been briefly outlined to include a short trip, giving two or more concerts in nearby towns, in November, and a home concert in December.

The glee clubs of the university are organizations which should receive the whole-hearted support of the school, for it brings to those outside the school a slight glimpse of university life. The glee clubs come in contact with many people, whose only impression of the school is gained through them.

The school is fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Geo. Campbell of the Y. M. C. A. as director. Mr. Campbell has been very successful in this line of work and the members of the glee club, and the faculty alike, were very pleased with his work last year.

Anyone interested in the glee club and desirous of becoming a member should see Mr. Robel or Mr. Campbell. There are still several places to be filled in the personnel of the club and if you are able to sing you owe it to the school to become a member of the glee club.

BOOSTER CLUB ELECTION TO BE HELD WEDNESDAY

Wednesday at 11:00 in room 2 all the men of the school are invited and requested to be present at the election of officers for the Y. M. C. A. Booster Club. This is the only organization in the school in which all the men, irrespective of whether they belong to this fraternity, or that, whether they wear their clothes this way or that, have equal chance to intermingle and become acquainted with each other. The aim of this organization is "Every man in the school in this organization, and every man a booster." Speakers of the best kind who will talk on subjects vital to every fellow, lively socials, and other interesting gatherings are slated for this winter. Now all together—
BOOST! BOOST! BOOST! COME TO THE MEETING NEXT WEDNESDAY, ROOM 2, 11:00.

Coach Makes Big Sale.

Ernie Adams is becoming almost as efficient at selling things "behind the counter" as he is in football. One of the members of the fair sex went down to the book room to look over the various articles of jewelry one morning, and after admiring her everything from a book-mark to a watch fob, Ernie succeeded in persuading her to buy a bracelet.

THE WEEKLY GATEWAY

Published by the students of the University of Omaha.

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The Booster Club is going to be a big thing in this school. It is the very organization the school has been needing to create a true college spirit. It is the only medium which can satisfactorily solidify the entire masculine element of the student body. Other organizations bring together only certain sections of the young men of our institution. The Booster Club will bring every man into contact with his fellow-student. Let's all be on the job Wednesday and boost for the boosters!

Most of us have never made a thorough study of Darwin and his biological theories. In fact, few of us have even read his best-known works. We all, however, have heard that hard-sounding phrase, "the survival of the fittest;" and, after a little thought, we must all be impressed with the universality of its application.

How does it apply to our school life? you may ask. How does it concern you and me?

Here is a student who never has his assignment, who is as dumb as an oyster, who sits in a half-dead state throughout the class hour. What's wrong with him? Here's another one who displays at times almost brilliant intellect, but who's mind at crucial moments frequently falls utterly to serve him. What's the matter? Then, there's the fellow who goes in for athletics, and fails to achieve any prominence worthy of note. What's the cause of it?

The answer to all of these questions is,—THEY ARE NOT FIT. They are victims of the law of the "survival of the fittest." They cannot succeed until they recognize nature's inexorable postulate.

They must grapple with their problem. They must face the facts squarely and try to reason out their case.

The first student probably lives a rather irresponsible life—he eats whatever and whenever he desires; he stays up late at night; he frequently cuts his classes; and finally becomes indifferent to his scholastic responsibilities. He must re-model himself. He must turn over a new leaf, and "get back to normalcy."

The second student is the "krensy grind." We admire him in a way; we marvel at the spirit that animates him to dig away so persistently on his books,—but we cannot sympathize with his foolhardy profligacy in the care of his physical health, and his lack of foresight in risking an abnormal development of his intellectual powers. He must find a happy medium between work and play.

The would-be athlete is the same type as the irresponsible scholar. He needs a rigid application of physical culture principles to make him what he aspires to be.

If we would succeed in our school life; if we would get the real benefit from our years at the university; if we would be recognized by our fellow-students as men and women of ability, we must make ourselves fit to assume the responsibilities which our school life lays upon the shoulders of every one of us. We must recognize the law of the survival of the fittest,—otherwise be numbered with the untold millions of failures which strew the path to the goal of man's ambition.

A Real Regret.

Editor—I am obliged to return your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but—

Poet—But what?

Editor—The management insists upon my declining all poems that way, you know.

Not the Right Kind.

She—John, I found mice in the pantry this afternoon.

He—Well, what do you want me to do about it?

She—Couldn't you bring home that kitty from the club. I heard you talking about in your sleep?

A Gentleman.

"He's a gentleman of the old school."

"That so?"

"Yes; whenever he calls for you in his car he doesn't sit at the wheel and honk his horn, but gets out and comes to the door and rings the bell."

The Goat Getter

BY

NANCY AND WILLIAM

The pretty bobbed-haired summer girl
Looked so nifty and so chick,
But winter galoshes will make
Her look like a Bolshevik.

Stealing autos is as popular a pastime for some as bootlegging is for others. Why not circulate a petition to repeal the auto stealing laws?

Poucher is fond of petting the girls, but has found it doesn't pay to pet hornets, as they often misunderstand.

Merrill Russell bemoans the fact that:

In olden days you could appear
Out on the porch at night.
In scant attire and never fear.
About an auto light.

Konecky received a doughnut at the "beunery" the other day and in it was a tack. Kony laughed and said, "Perhaps it thinks it is a Ford tire."

A bit of advice to our "Dapper Duns":

"The man who marries for money selects a hard business with long hours and small pay."

"When a good man goes wrong, people forget about his past life, but when a crooked man tries to go straight that is all they ever think about."

Only Standing Room Left.

Wilmarth (to himself after hasty leave-taking of side line) "What a brute of a hog,—not only made me get up, but had the nerve to take my seat."

McKee—"Birdshaw, you aren't getting much milk from that cow any more; what's wrong?"

Birdshaw—"I guess I'm kind o' losing my pull."

How About That U. of O. Ring?

Shear Nonsense

--BY RUS--

"If ye canna laugh ye micht as weel be dead."

"Whar did yo-all git dat fine hat?"
"At de sto."
"How much was it?"
"Ah don't know. De sto-keeper wasn't dar."

Stranger: "Why is it that none of these autoists hereabouts put out their hands when turning corners?"
Constable: "You see this is a college town and the young chaps ain't octopuses."

"Is this cup sanitary?"
"Must be; everybody uses it."

Senior: "Always love your teachers."
Fresh: "I tried that once, but she got mad."

Cop: "Why are you parking?"
Ford: "There's a miss in the car."

The other day I went to class and as I sat down I noticed that someone had left her gum on the professor's seat. As he was about to sit down I said, "Don't sit on that." "Sir," said he, "don't get fresh. I've set on that for forty years."
I can't get along nohow.
—O. Myno.

Advice to the Inexperienced.

1. If you make love in the hallway don't lean on the doorbell.
2. If you go canoeing on a moonlight night, park your frat pin in a safe deposit vault.
3. Don't hold hands in the movies—while the lights are on.
4. Never take the same girl out twice a week—variety is the spice of life.

Judge: "Rastus, is your friend black?"

Rastus: "Black? Why, judge, dat niggah's so black dat de lightnin' bugs follow him aroun' t'inkin' it's night."

In the Bookstore.

"Mister Baker?"
"Well?"
"I have a bill."
"Mister Baker isn't here."

There are meters lumbic
And meters trachalc
And meters in musical tones;
But the meter that's sweeter,
Completer and neater,
Is to meet her in the moonlight alone.

"Harry ate something that poisoned him."

"Croquette?"
"Not yet, but he's very ill."

Assistants Prove Efficient.

Ned Williams and Donald Head are now eligible for husbands. They have passed the test. Even the most careless observer could not help noticing the chaos in which the chemistry lab. was last week. The test tubes, funnels, beakers, and evaporating dishes now repose in the most orderly manner on the shelves. A good housekeeper is the first requisite of a model husband,—so there you are.

A cat swallows a mouse head first so she can use the mouse's tail for a toothpick.

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DEADLY OVERDOSE

"What experience did you have with the roach poison I sold you last week?"
"Not so good, not so good. All the roaches did well on it, and I think are looking better, except one. He liked it so well he made a durned pig of himself and foundered. I'm afraid I'm going to lose him."—Philadelphia Retail Ledger.

No Chance Left.

"I think he must be a hopeless failure."
"Hopeless? Has he tried many things?"
"Everything. Even to the writing of moving picture scenarios."
"And failed at that?"
"Absolutely."
"It does seem that there is nothing left for him."

How About That U. of O. Ring?

Personals

"Borrowing" apples seems to be one of the greatest outdoor sports this fall. Among the "bugs" are Winifred Dempsey, Eleanor Madgett, Bud Foley, Madeleine Scott, and a motley aggregation like Corliss, Nelson, Hesler, Doerr and Williams.

Catherine Beal has accepted the position of assistant in the Chem. Lab. on Monday afternoons. The number of general students has become so large that additional lab. hours are necessary.

We are wondering if there is any place Louis Caldwell's Ford won't go. It has done everything but climb trees on the campus, and we wouldn't be a bit surprised to see it drive right up the steps and into the school some day.

Mildred Mullaly suggested in rhetoric class that a perfect living room should have the chairs close together. We can't understand what that would have to do with it, but as Stewart Powers agreed with her it must be all right.

Characteristics in Common.

Dana Ackerman Harold Lloyd
Grace Hall Wanda Hawley
Tex Pratt Bill Hart
Florence Jensen Bebe Daniels
Perry Borcharding Bull Montana
Betty Sowell Constance Talmadge
Don Swigart Wallace Reid
Eleanor Madgett ... Marguerite Clark
Chas. Poucher Thomas Meighan
Flora Jones Madge Kennedy
Ronald Hadley ... Rodolph Valentino
Ken Baker Douglas Fairbanks
Jim Doty Richard Barthelmess
Gertrude Sutphen Mae Murray
Ruth Oleson May Allison

ALPHA SIGMA LAMBDA.

We had thought that K. K. Ramsburg had forgotten, but we were mistaken, for, behold, we received a nice little package. We were expecting him to send us a box of cigars, but instead he sent one big black, fat, six-inch-long community rope. Stew Powers was appointed to get sick over it and then send our thanks to Ramsburg for remembering us with cigars as he promised.

We are informed that Ramsburg and his newly acquired wife intend to take up their studies again at Columbia this year. After Koo-Koo is ordained a minister they intend to go to foreign missionary fields.

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EMPLOYS STRENUOUS LANGUAGE

Dr. Vartanian Talks "Real Mean" to Small Town Operator.

We have all of us used the telephone. That is synonymous with saying that we have all of us at times used strong language. But we would not have thought it of Dr. Vartanian.

It was from New York that Dr. Vartanian came to a small town in Iowa. He was not used to small towns. He was used to New York. And he was used to anonymous centrals.

The Doctor was trying to get through an important call. He was not succeeding, and he used not very strenuous—we have his word for that—but somewhat strenuous language to central.

"All right, Dr. Vartanian," came back the sweet voice of Central over the wire.

So Dr. Vartanian came to Omaha where he can express his opinion of the telephone without being recognized.

LAW SCHOOL NOTES.

Daly and Pilkington are attending the University of Southern California this year.

Jordan, Whittacker, Trochtenberg, and several others are continuing their law studies at Creighton.

Mr. Dysart is again starting the freshmen law students out on their career in the subject of Elementary Law this year. They look like a bunch of very promising lawyers.

We have moved into larger and better quarters at 19th and Douglas Streets.

Our old friends, Alfred Kastman, Clarence Edee, Roy Smith, and Harley Haaker are with us again this year in the pursuit of whys and wherefores of the legal profession.

THETA PHI DELTA.

A big hike is planned for this week. The date has not been definitely set at the present writing, but indications are that it will be something out of the ordinary. Head, Hadley, McKee and Mead are doing the work.

McKee (we don't know which one) is a real vocalist. He astonished the entire assemblage at the business meetings last week.

Little Bobbie Sackett was with us again at the last bi-weekly convention for the first time in many months. He is now selling ventilators—or is it percolators?

SIG CHI PLEDGE NIGHT.

Saturday night was one of the most exciting, and possibly painful, nights that a great many of our co-eds have enjoyed for several moons. It began at twelve o'clock, that ghostly, mystic hour when little Willie Shakespeare once more plays tag with King Louis the fifteenth, and Bach plays Schubert's Sonata on the tombstone. That thirty-five young ladies timidly rang the doorbell at 6001 No. 24th St. and were ushered into a dimly-candle-lighted, pillowed-and-blanketed, very-much-alive house. Among this little army of bold midnight venturers there were a few who trembled and felt sick, but none murmured. Their eyes were mentally fixed upon hite blue and

gold pledge pins, and the real significance of the evening—and the pin—was their courage, their hope, their strength.

After a most enlightening John-Barrymore-and-Maude-Adam's entertainment, after a few brilliant exhibitions of the real talent that the pledges possessed, the wee sma' hours carried them to dreamland.

SIG CHI NOTES.

Betty Taylor, a former student in this school who attended Madison last year, is among us again.

The Sig Chis held a business meeting at the home of Leona Johnston Saturday afternoon.

Gabby

Oh, goodness! Isn't it awful to be so afflicted? Yes, she has really confessed a fondness for a lad who, as she expresses it, looks as if he ate beefsteak and other substantial things. He will soon, no doubt, be thrown into the lime-light because of his interest in football.

She is an old student and really ought to turn her attention to more serious things than freshmen, but then, light slightly curling hair is attractive. He is the personification of the street upon which the university stands, while she makes you think of a field with red flowers, say poppies, in it. Perhaps this poppy which is in danger of falling into the street will be welcomed, who knows?

Observe the halls, especially on the second floor, at any hour of the day and you will see two people conversing. The girl has light hair which she piles high and the boy is a distinct brunette. Gabby is not in on the "real interest" which occasions their preoccupied manner, but the pair will bear closer attention.

A tragedy has occurred! Cupid is crestfallen! His bow is broken and his heart smashed to bits. Brown eyes proved more attractive than black. The couple is really broken up, and though they are still on speaking terms their friendship is not as of yore. Alas! Fate is cruel! How could it treat them so!

KAPPAS SEARCH FOR GOLD.

The Gold-diggers had nothing on the Kappa Psi Delta girls Thursday afternoon at the Kappa Kottage when a hunt for the 30,000 pieces of gold buried beneath the Kottage was instigated by the pledges. The money, if found, was to go toward the fund for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pledges. The result of the first day's hunt, consisting of a box of bones belonging to a dead horse, was turned in by Alice Pfeiffer, who was taken for a gopher when she crawled out of a hole in the ground.

The supper, consisting mainly of hot dogs and buns, was prepared by the pledges who ate most of the food on the way out. Nevertheless there was enough left to keep everyone from the pangs of starvation. The pledges showed much skill in climbing apple trees and aiming the apples at the heads of the old members.

Entertainment was furnished by the pledges in a series of songs and dances led by Alice Pfeiffer and Henry Jensen.

Nelson Hartford is resting up for a semester before starting his work at the Nebraska Medical School.

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ENGLISH LIT. CLASSES

"CAUGHT IN THE ACT"

Heartless Instructor and Dean Lay Down Law to Students.

"Back to the primitive" with the English Lit. class. They revolt at the thought and loudly protest, but the cruel, cruel teacher, and the cruel, cruel, Dean heed not their cries. They vividly lay down the rule for law and order. It happened thus:

After waiting the required fifteen minutes for a teacher to begin class work, and the teacher failing to appear, the students very quietly left the class room. They entered the peaceful sanctuary called the study hall where they might indulge in a more useful and worthwhile occupation than listlessly passing the minutes in room four. Sensible creatures, they, with the full realization of the value of time.

But, ah! here enter the villain and villainess, intent on crushing the happiness in these merry young hearts, leaving only darkness and despair to occupy the great void of hopelessness. For with the coming of the sixteenth minute came also the tall, young professor, catching six unsuspecting mortals and ushering them back from whence they came—to spend the remainder of the time in Tabard Inn with the rest of the Canterbury Tales. Then it was proclaimed abroad that all who had not been present would be deprived of two points of their final marks.

'Tis sad but true that the entire class was crestfallen, but the thermometer of their spirits soon registered warmer, as this unusual class has a keen sense of humor along with its disregard for law.

They say some tore their hair. And said it wasn't fair. They remind us of the primitive child, Because that they should act so wild.

Betty Says:

There is one well disciplined professor in the university. Said Dr. Kreuger, "I know I make mistakes. If I would not know it, my wife would tell me."

The political science students are waiting with bated breath for Dr. Kreuger's next revelation. He has confessed that his knowledge of international law is due to the fact that he took the course three times.

"It makes much more mirthful all youthful ambition To learn e'en the gods must accept repetition."

The demand for back seats has greatly increased since it was publicly announced that all the especially shining lights of the classes were found in the rear of the room.

We have discovered the source of all Dr. Kreuger's brilliant ideas. From the best authority we learn that he thinks out his definitions in the pleasant atmosphere of the ten cent store.

The McKee brothers say they are willing to teach any girl who so desires the proper method of backing up the preceptors on each side of the driveway on the east end. Too many fail to twist their axles or tear down the trees, they affirm.

She was an Omaha student, he was a working man.

And during the summer season they gathered a coat of tan; But what caused the neighbors to wonder, and say, oh! what a disgrace Was that Harold and Elsie were sunburned on the opposite sides of the face.

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ALUMNI

Miss Marguerite Carnal has opened a studio in the Davidge Block, where she is teaching piano, French and Spanish. Miss Carnal was a member of the Class of '21. She served two years on the Gateway Staff, and was very active in the Y. W. C. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Haaker have taken an apartment in the Mason Terrace for the winter. Mr. Haaker, who is very active in the Phi Sigma Phi fraternity, has returned to the University of Omaha Law School.

Mrs. H. Fredericks of New York, nee Miss Marion Carpenter, is spending the month of October here visiting her mother, Mrs. J. F. Carpenter, and her sister, Elinore. Mrs. Fredericks, who is a member of the Kappa Psi Delta Sorority, graduated from the University in 1917.

Mr. Wallace Banner, who is attending Northwestern University, has made his class football team. Mr. Banner was very active in athletics while at the University of Omaha. He was a member of the Theta Phi Delta fraternity.

Heard in Physiology.

Miss Winters—"Where is the humorous?"

Sam Greenberg—"Why, er, next to the funny bone."

We had always supposed that romance was at its height beneath the silvery beams of a full moon, but this theory was exploded at chapel, Friday morning. Evidently believing that in union there is strength, the masculine element of the assembly invited the fair sex to "come, come, come, come, come, come, to the church in the wildwood."—It looks as though Barkis is willing.

They say a frog has nine lives, but a frog croaks every night.

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A CLASH OF WITS

An Irish joker entered a shop and asked for a yard of milk. The shopkeeper was ready for him; he dipped his finger in the measure and drew a line of milk three feet long on the counter. "There ye are," he said. Pat was rather taken aback at this, but recovering from his surprise he asked, "How much is it?" "Eight pence," said the shopkeeper. "All right," said Pat cheerfully. "Roll it up an' O'll take it."

Descriptive.

A small Glenwood avenue boy went with his mother to see the nature picture called "The Four Seasons." In the "Spring" section was shown a handsome buck which had just lost one of its antlers. "Oh, lookie, maw," the boy cried, "that deer is on'y got one hantack."



BUT THE STAKES WERE BIG
"They say Hunter had to propose to Miss De Rich six times before she accepted him."
"She certainly gave him a run for her money."

Coward.

He wants to be a hero bold,
And go where dangers lurk,
But he will run away and hide
From anything like work.

Might Never See the End.
Willson—Dubb is certainly an optimist.

Billson—How's that?
Willson—His doctor told him he wasn't likely to live very long, yet he started two continued stories this week.

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WITH THE FUNNY MEN



INHERITED, PERHAPS

**Little Girl (before statue in mu-
seum)—**Mamma, what's this?
Attendant after pause—That's
Mercury, the messenger of the gods.
You have read about him, no doubt.
Mother—Of course she has. But,
do you know, my little girl has such
a very poor memory for Scripture.

When the Fiddles Moan.

"Do you care for grand opera?"
"No," said Mr. Dubwaite. "I'm
afraid I'm not equal to it. I know
there must be times when grand opera
stars express joyous emotions, but all
I've ever heard sing seemed to be ter-
ribly sorry about something and I
couldn't find out what it was."

Vague, but Useful.

"My hat is in the ring!" exclaimed
Senator Sorghum.
"What do you mean by that?"
"I don't know exactly what it means.
But that phrase is a very valuable
one. I have never known an occasion
when it wasn't good for a round of ap-
plause."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Keeping Her in Gloves.

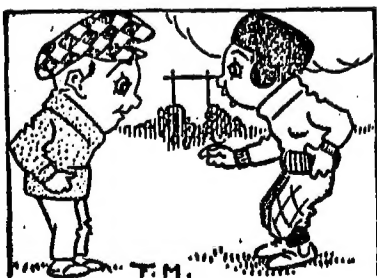
"Is your son-in-law a good provider?"
"He can just about keep my daugh-
ter in gloves. I pay for everything
else."
"Then he deceived you as to his cir-
cumstances?"
"No, I distinctly remember he mere-
ly asked for her hand."

Wise Man.

"Well, anyway, I saved time during
that holdup," grinned the first victim
of the bandits.
"How's that?" inquired his fellow
victim.
"When that robber was going
through your pockets I slipped my
watch up my sleeve," he replied.

The Wise Plan.

"Mr. Meekingham has great pres-
ence of mind."
"Is that so?"
"Yes, while he was proposing to
Miss Stronghead instead of saying,
'Will you be mine?' he said, 'May I be
yours?'"



A CALL-DOWN

Obnoxious Football Players: Look
here, coach, there are two fellows
not fit to be on our team at all.
Coach (calmly): That so? Who's
the other.

No Devotee.

He takes his wife on bathing trips—
I speak of William Henry Flippo—
Which doubtless started the report
That he's not keen about the sport.

Get Back at Him.

Hub—I think I'll get a magnifying
glass so that I will be able to see the
steaks you cook for my dinner.
Wife—(loud howl) It might also en-
able me to see the money you give me
to buy them with.

Something in This.

Sailor—The navy's got it all over
the army when it comes to speed.
Soldier—The devil it has! How do
you make that out?
Sailor—The navy is always ready
to move at a moment's notice.
Soldier—Well, what of that?
Isn't—
Sailor—And it takes Weeks to set
the army in motion.

Practice Makes Perfect.

"I've been in the penitentiary 20
years, mum. What good would it do
me to get out?"
"You could begin life over again,"
said the sympathetic prison visitor.
"Could a piano player quit tickling
the ivories for 20 years and begin
right where he left off, mum?"
"I suppose not."
"Neither could a burglar."

Ignorance is Bliss.

Husband—Synthia, when I looked at
my accounts last night I nearly died
of fright. Our motor car is costing
us over \$500 a year!
Wife—Well, Alec, don't blame me!
I advised you not to keep an account!
—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Sport in the Jungle.

The Hippo—If I'd known there was
going to be such a crowd I'd have
bought ringside seats. We can't see
a thing from here.
The Giraffe—I think these seats are
fine. I can see everything.

Completing Her Collection.

Helen—People say it is awfully
good of her to marry him. He has an
artificial arm and an artificial leg.
Marie (sweetly)—Yes, about the
only artificialities she hasn't got her-
self.

Just Nothing at All.

Mr. Cheerup—Look pleasant, my
man. The fellows who succeed are
those who can smile.
Mr. Lowdown—Sure! That's what
makes 'em smile. What have the
other guys got to smile about?

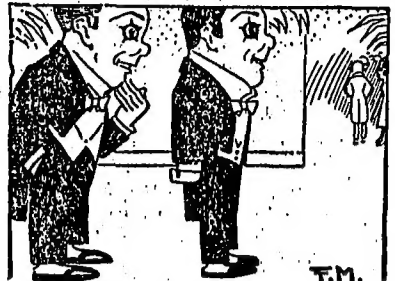
Disagreements.

"Do you resent the fact that a man
does not agree with you?"
"Not at all," replied Senator Sor-
ghum. "In looking over my speeches
of a good many years ago I find that
I do not always agree with myself."

Has the Last Say.

Caller—I must say, Helen, that your
husband looks as if he had a will of
his own.
Hostess—So he has, dearie; but I al-
ways add a codicil to it.

Scant Encouragement to Art.
"It seemed to me that you cut short
your death scene in the last act."
"So I did," replied the eminent
tragedian. "There were only forty
people in the house, and I hadn't the
heart to use the death rattle I've spent
twenty years in perfecting."



POSSIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT

"The bridegroom appeared to be
frightfully nervous."
"Yes; you see his father-in-law's
wedding present wasn't certified."

Beyond the Law.

Complete disarmament is urged,
But while the sex has charms
And young men are susceptible
Our girls will be in arms.

Presence of Mind.

Harlequin—Artists say that 5 feet 4
inches is the divine height for women,
sweetest.
Columbine—Oh, but I'm 5 feet 6
inches.
Harlequin (quickly)—Oh, but you're
more than divine!

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